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Dreams of You

A POEM

By ELLA THURSTON

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Dreams of you oft' times awake me
In the silence of the night,
When the stars are softly glowing,
Shedding down their silv'ry light;
'Tis then I know I love you,
For my heart goes out to you,
And it meets you somewhere, darling,
Where fond hearts are always true;
There is naught there to divide us,—
'Tis the land where love holds sway,
Where you wait to meet me, darling,
Close beside the starlit way.

There my head rests on your bosom
While you hold me to your heart;
There we know we love each other,
And no one can bid us part.
And, sweetheart, as we're dreaming,
Your fond lips cling to mine,
Thrilling me with voiceless rapture,
Telling me that I am thine.
We linger long there, darling,
Telling love so fond and true,
And life seems a real, sweet heaven,
When I dream these dreams of you.

Could we always live there, darling,
And ne'er waken here again,
Life would be one long, sweet summer,
There would be no clouds or rain—
We would wander through Love's garden,
Plucking all the sweetest flowers,
And we'd listen to love singing
Through the fragrant golden hours;
There we'd have each other, darling,
And our hearts would beat so true,
For love would reign our kingdom
In these dreams I dream of you.

If these dreams could just come true, dear,
What a rapture would be ours!
To wander in Love's fragrant garden,
Living, sweet, the golden hours;
With your arms around me, darling,
And your lips pressed close to mine,
We would live on earth, a heaven,
And our lives would sweet entwine.
We would wander hand in hand, dear,
And our skies would be so blue,
Through all the happy, golden moments,
While I dream sweet dreams of you.

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